

The most lamentable Tragedie

Deme. Shee hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.

Chiron. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast,
Cosen a word, where is your husband:
If I doe dreame, would all my wealth would wake me.
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt, and hewde, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in,
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy loue: Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling Fountaine stird with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honnie breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And least thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame,
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with theyr issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so.
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to ease my minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela*, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.

of Titus

But louely Neece, that mean
A craftier *Tereus*, Cosen hath
And he hath cut those pretty
That could haue better sowe
Oh had the monster secne th
Tremble like Aspen leaues v
And make the silken strings
He would not then haue tou
Or had he heard the heauen
Which that sweete tongue h
He would haue dropt his kn
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian
Come let vs goe, and make t
For such a sight will blind a F
One houres storme wil drow
What will whole months of
Doe not draw backe, for we
Oh could our mourning ease

*Enter the Iudges and Senat
passing on the Stage to the place
fore pleading.*

Titus. Heare me graue Fa
For pittie of mine age, whose
In dangerous warres, whilst y
For all my blood in Rómes g
For all the frosty nights that I
And for these bitter teares wh
Filling the aged wrinkles in m
Be pittifull to my condemne
Whose soules is not corrupted
For two and twenty Sonnes I
Because they died in honours
Andronicus lieth downe,

But